P.O. Box 3869
Wash. D.C. 20003
April 9 '85

Dear Harold,

Please forgive the long lapse in getting back in touch with you. Mark perhaps told you I lost the gizmo to your door and no amount of searching has unearthed it. I was trying to help and screwed up. Maybe I could make it up by doing a days carpentering on a visit soon - Maybe next weekend, if it's not a bad time - I know it does taxes and its that time of year. Mark & I could drive out in my car on a convienient weekend and spend Sat or Sunday. Will bring my tools.

'84 was not a good year. In March I nearly bought the farm when some rednecks attacked my girlfriend and ended up smashing my skull with a grapefruit sized rock. Some hearing in the left ear is gone. Will give you the details sometime.

My dad died in November after a long and painfull bout with cancer. It was so fucking unfair and senseless, he was just about every thing I ever loved in people.

Life goes on, glad for the smell of Spring and buds on the trees. Even after a winter in Florida (worked as a cook) it's refreshing to see the season bloom in D.C.

Mark's certainly doing the critics proud with his lawsuits. The irony of the shitsucker Blakey filing supportive

Affidavits And Retaining Tim fascinates me. Is this the evolving education of A Psuedo-fascist whose found its time to shed some of his anachronistic belief system?

I Hope your Health is good these days. Mark Reports both you and Lil are looking well, Are you going to do any gardening this year? In lieu or in conjunction with a little carpentry we could give some knocks in the garden.

Well, best wishes Harold. Hope to see you soon,

Your friend, Kevin